A few months ago an effort was made by students of colonial history to fix with ac arney the precise place where Gen. Putnam k his traditional plunge down the steep preciples in the town of Greenwich. An aged those who witnessed the incursion of the British into the town, some of whom pro-fessed actually to have seen the irascible patriot sour his horse over the jagged and appalling decivity, was a welcome though volun-tary guide for these investigators. This vet-eran as he stood on the brink of the precipiee, the wind tossing his long white locks, excitedly denounced the tradition as a myth, and asserted that Gen. Putnam disppeared from the astonished red coats, not by nging down the steen rock, but by dashing into a bridle path made obscure by the thick undergrowth of bushes and the interlocking of branches. He led the students to the spot where traces of the old pathwere yet to be seen, and, suddenly stopping by the hollowed and ragged stump of an oak of large circum-ference, said: "Right here lived Nathaniel Townsend, on the very day that old Put esaped, and he did a braver thing than that hich people say the General did." Then he ld the story as he had it from one who knew it

A but flanked the bridle path through roods that skirted the Horseneck Hill all accounts, so skilfully had its builder ned the chestnut logs, and so artfully had he arranged the rough clapboards which sovered it, that it was pleasant to look upon. rather than such an unsightly object as a soli-tary cabin in the woods is apt to be. A patriot of repute, whose farm house stood on the level plain that stretched back from the brow of the ipice, had suffered the builder and occupant there to live rent free, exacting only in return such assistance as the tenant could give upon the farm. He had chosen the spot. because, by reason of a natural opening be-tween the trees, a vista of the rich green valley low, of the river beyond, and of the blue waters of the Sound, and far away the seem-ing meeting of the misty Long Island hills with the horizon, could be obtained. Here lived Nathaniel Townsend, and he was wont. fine days, just as the sun began to tinge the water of the Sound away in the east, to sit by the door of his cabin to enjoy the sight.

He thus sat perhaps an hour after sunrise on a morning in June, 1778, and he was mending asmall net. He seemed, however, to be listen-ing as he plied his great bone needle, and when he lifted his face from his work he glanced anxiously down the path. At last his ingers stopped with the twine haif drawn ough the loop, and he listened. Yes, 'tis she," he said, and he cast his net

down and went inside. In an instant he returned to the door, having a bunch of wild wers with him. The dew of the morning still seemed to be upon them, for the tender blue violets were unwilted, and the pink azalea blossoms were unfaded, and the sprig of laurel fresh as when plucked. He cast his eves down the path, awaiting the coming of some

one around the bend.

Soon there appeared a young girl, who came tripping along with as much lightness of step as the narrow, briery path permitted. Her es the narrow, briery path permitted. Her dress, though of the coarse home-spun linesy woolsey of that time, hung so gracefully upon her slender, lithesome fluure, the white and ribbed calash that fell back and down almost upon her neck revealing her brown hair all disordered by her wreatling with the bushes that intertwined over some parts of the path, her cheeks blooming by reason of her exercise in the morning air, and her blue eyes, that but half allowed a look of recognition to go from them to Nathaniel as she passed—all these combined to make a picture that to him was fairer and more fascinating than the most gorgeous surrises that he had ever seen.

A look of sorrow flitted for a moment over his rugged face as she tripped by with no smile for him, scarcely a token that she knew he was there. He had loss hold of her thoughts, he saw, than the tree that she passed, far less there. He had loss hold of her thoughts, he saw, than the scarce transger that he frightened, for upon that she stopped to look.

As she watched this brilliant-colored bird. Nathaniel made bold to approach her, but it was with amazing shyness and confusion that this broad-shouldered, stern-visaged young man called her by name.

"Mistress Rose" said he, and so timidly that she scarcely heard him.

"Oh, it's you, is it?" said Mistress Rose

the scarcely heard him.

"Oh, it's you, is it?" said Mistress Rose
Bush, with an indifference that she could not
Bush with an indifference that she could not
Bush with an indifference that she could not
Linew most grievously pained him.

"Yes, I saw you when you went below."

"That is not strange. I passed your house."

"I wouldn't do it, Mistress Rose," he said.

"Do what?" she asked, now for the first time
booking at him.

"Do what?" she asked, now for the lirst time looking at him.
"I suppose you went by this short cut on some errand to your uncle below. I wouldn't. There be rumors of another advance of the British, and it might happen at any time that you would find yourself a prisoner. Go by the highway, or, if there be need of haste, come to highway, or, if there be need of haste, come to me, and I will gladly do your errand for you. It is safe amough for you to come the short. between my house and yours, though

the way is rough."
She looked at him with a half-amused expression, glancing once at his feet, and then she said. "If there be need of hats, do you think you could so more quickly than I?"
His face showed that she had pained him, so she quickly added; "Woil then, Nathaniel, you

and the showed that she had pained him, so she quickly added: "Well, then, Nathaniel, you mean well enough. The next hasty errand that I have I'll intrust to you."

"And you shaft see how quickly it will be done, in spite—in spite of my misfortune." he said. Then he added, "I presume you were at the ball last evening?"

Her face brightened at the recollection that he stirred. "Indeed, I was, and Gen. Putnam did lead me in the minuet and I did dance with one of his aids, a handsome officer. Nathaniel, and with many others. I could be happy if there were a ball every night."

And did many seek your favors in the dence?"

changed, and with many others. I could be happy if there were a ball every night."

And did many seek your favors in the dance?"

"Of course. More partners could I have had than would have been enough for a dozen dances more."

"Of course—of course. I knew it, and glad that kness more."

"Why should it please you so, Nathaniel?"

"Why should it please you so, Nathaniel?"

"Who else of all the village maids should be so engarly sought for favors, mistress?"

Bhe looked denuarely at him that she might conceal the delight because of such compilment, even from him.

Then he took the flowers that he had concealed behind his back all this time, and said:
"You were so blooming this morning, mistress, that I did almost doubt that you did dance all the night. I surmised that the fragrance of some buds of the woods might refresh you, so I picked them after you passed by on your way below. You will find them very sweet."

She looked at him in surprise, and then she laughed, tossing her head prettily to one side and the other as she did ro.

"That is the strangest cure-all that I ever heard, Shall I boil them, like catrip or like senty oney. An Athaniel? Why, they grow wild in the woods, Nathaniel, and, if I wanted howers, there's sweet william and sweet pea in the garden."

"In truth I had not thought of that," said he, sorrowfully, "but these are sweeter smelling than a thou-and sweet williams. Will you not take them, mistress?"

"Why, I can pick my apron full, Nathaniel; swertheless, if you wish it, I will take them home and let my sister, Ruth, play with them."

He was about to give them to her, when there same a sound that caused him to step back and look upon her with such agitation that she, bo, became alarned.

"What is it, Nathaniel?" she said in lowered bones.

"Quick, Rose, quick to your home. Tell your them, that if will come as soon as I can get my

what is it. Nathaniel?" she said in lowered bones.
"Quick. Rose, quick to your home. Teil your latter that I will come as some as I can get my musket. Be prudent, mistress, for trouble is mon us."
"What is it. Nathaniel? Is there danger?"
"Did you not hear that gun? That means

what is it, Nathaniel? Is there danger?"
Did you not hear that gun? That means feath to many whom you and I know before the night has come. That, Rose, that was the alarm gun, and it means that the red coats are apon as. Quick, hasten to your home. If you kurry you'll be there in five minutes."

She said no more but went her way with such speed as she was able. He, turning back, hastened to his cabin with a shaffling gat that arried him over the ground with far less rayidity than his moverments seemed to indicate. He entered his cabin, loaded his musket, ramming home the mightly charge with vigor; then, adjusting his powder horn and bullet youch, he was about to hasten up the path, when there came a sound that stayed that his most in the red, with anxious, strained expression, peering through the boughs and tags it had the quick, ringing clatter of horses hoots and the quick within his orbin, brought the shoots and tags quickly within his orbin, brought the shoots and tags quickly within his orbin, brought he shoots and tags quickly within his orbin, brought his limit to a full cock, and stood with his musket ready for about the assentiation and the seemingly frightened eyes of a borse that was thrusting his calles of the blood tricking down his cheeks, where the thorns had scratched him, and argued the brambles, and then the coatless rider, between the thorns had scratched him, and argued to the brambles, and then the coatless rider, the broad had a seemed to him, as who will be made to greater speed.

In an instant Nathaniel stood in the path, musket was pointed, but behind him, as though to cover the or and hard, but it was not at the horseman that the masket was pointed, but behind him, as though to cover whome vit was that was in pursuit. The pider is an instant Nathaniel stood in the path, and argued him, and argued him him, as though to cover the point him him him, as though to cover the point him him him him him him him him

"Can you guide me out of this path upon the Stamford pike?"
"I can."
Do so at once—not a moment's delay. We have been surprised, and Tryon's advance is now at the top of the hill.
"But, General, I cannot go quickly enough."
"Why not?" asked Putnam, impatiently.
The young man pointed to his feet, and the General saw that by reason of the deformity of them no speed was in them faster than a shambling walk.

"But for that, General." he said, "you would not find me here, but with your soldiers."
"Take the horse by the bridte, then, and lead him as rapilly as you can to such point as will quickest bring me to the Stamford road."

The young man gladity did as he was bidden. Not a word more did the General say to him, Instead he frequently rose in the saidle that he might get a better look behind, still approhensive that he was pursued.

At length they reached the spot where the path broadened into the highway, and here Nathaniel isosensed his hold of the bridge, stepped aside, and, with the salute of respect, prepared to lot the General pass.

"Younder is the Stamford road?" asked the General.
"It is, without turn or crook, except, around

path broadened into the highway, and here Nathaniel broasens, his hold of the bridle, stepped assile, and, with the salute of respect, prepared to jot the General, "It is, without turn or crook, except around the hills to Stamford, five miles away. You have saved so duch by the short cut, General, that you now are beyond its roach of the sneary,"

Do you know of the great powder house?"

asked Putnam.

"I pass it every day as I go through the words to my fish nets."

"Return at once to Equire Bu-h. Bid him, if the possible, take measures to guard that intil he is releved. Say to him that I shall be lack with a deachment. Put shall be lack with a deachment was rushing like tile wind along the Stamford turnpike.

An hour tater there came a mighty cloud of dust from down the highway—so thick, indeed, that Exputre Bush was unable to pencitate it, though the bright eyes of Mistrose Rose, who should be frainful eyes of Mistrose Rose, the lack with a deaf that be frainful eyes of Mistro

knock?

"In trath, who but a deaf man could fail to hear it?" she said.

It peased him that the gir! was brave, and that her bravery was tempered by her beauty. Said he: "My knocking was, it may be, unseemly, but the truth is Gen. Tryon and I are very hungry."

"Had you stayed below at your homes you need not havesuffared."

"Yet that recollection will not relieve our hunger now. We would like a bit of dinner."

The maid did not move, and the young Colonel, being still amused and pleased, and therefore disposed to humor her, said, with great courtesy, though with a sportive suspicion: "I pray you, mistress, have such compassion on two hungry though misguided soldiers that we may stay our cravings." And he added, after a moment: "Homely fare is all we ask, and if served by you, mistress, lit will be relished beyond any feast.

"No hungry man ever begged food here and was turned away," said she, with a sly smile at the thrust, and then continued. "If you will leave me in peace for a half hour you shall be fest."

So it happened that before very long this sound designers of a patriot found berself de-

So it happened that before very long this young daugnter of a patriot found herself deing that which she had never contemplated, for she was serving two liritish officers of great repute with food; and being a maid of no little repute with food; and being a maid of no little bride, she desired the compliment of their satisfaction with what was set before them. Nor did she fail to notice that though Gen. Tryon ate rapidly and in silence, the eyes of the handsome young Colonel furtively followed her, at times, indeed, bestowing still bolder giances of admiration.

When hunger became somewhat sated Tryon spoks: "Did you find some one Colonel, to guide the men to the powder house?"

Indeed, General, not a man is there in all this village except the old and siek."

I tell you that some one must be found. Girl, what man is there hereabouts who knows the country?"

this viliage except the old and sick."

I tell you that some one must be found. Gir, what man is there heroabouts who knows the country?"

I beg your consideration. General, but surely the maid cannot know who is here and who away."

Who is there, girl? Come, tell me, "said Tryon without heeding the suggestion of the younger officer.

"If I know I wouldn't tell you," said the girl bravely; and as she stood there erect, with flashing eyes, young Delancey thought he had not seen such beauty in all New York.

"Well, I know if you do not," continued Tryon. "Send your father here. Quick, or there'll be worse trouble for him."

The girl hesitated, not for herself, but fearing greater harm for her father if she refused to comply. However, catching an encouraging and assuring grance from Delancey, she went in search of him.

"Do you know where the powder magazine is?" Tryon asked of the old man when he appeared.

I do,"

"Then guide a flie of my soldiers to it, and if you betray them you'll be shot without a moment's dolay."

"But I am old and feeble, sir."

"Don't banter words. Start at once."

"I will not do it."

Tryon jumped from his seat and seemed about himself to assault the old man, but he was gently restrained by Delancey, who said: "General, I will see that some one is found at once. This man is too feeble for a march."

"Well, do it quickly or this man goes." said Tryon, with a terrible oath.

"To save your father, mistroes," said Delancy, when he had called the maid aside. "prevail upon some one to do this thing. It is hard, I know, but this is war, I will protect your father if I can."

She thanked him, and started away without special purpose to find some young man, if so be it were passible. A cracking sound in the bridle path caught her ear, and she knew that Nathaniel was approaching. She pushed the bushes aside and entered the path.

"Why, Mistress Rose, have they done you harm?" said the young man when he saw her rightoned, agitated face.

Not me, but my father, Nathaniel, You can save him, Nathaniel

that he was because woon his haunches, as most unearting the rides.

Who have you if the horseman asked, is the top of the horsemand.

"I do know you if the horseman asked, is the top of the horsemand."

"You know me?"

"On you guide me out of this path upon the Stamford pike?"

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"You down that be was pursued.

"You have said the general rass.

"You have said the foreign the saids of respect, which was a such that was proposed as the and, with the saids that he might get a better look behilm, still approhensive that he was pursued.

"It pleases me to have such opportunity."

"You was said too the read the saids of respect, prepared to let the General rass.

"You do not ask me have such opportunity."

and offered to take the old man's place.

"If you betray my men, you will be shot without mercy."

The young man simply bowed. A moment later he marched slowly away in front of a squad of soldiers, who followed him with muskets ready.

"Is he your lover?" asked Delancey, as he and Tryon were about to go away.

She bowed her head.

"He seems a brave man."

"He is a goed one."

For more than two hours Nathaniel Townsend led the troops by circuitous paths, slowly but surely, toward the Stamford pike. At last the corporal in charge became suspicious,

"If you are false to us you will be chot without mercy in the back."

"Not in the back, but here," said Nathaniel Townsend, calmly placing his hand over his heart, as he turned and faced the troops.

With a quick glance to the left the corporal saw that his troops had been led into musketshot distance of Putnam's advancing troops,

"Give the rebel his dues and the report from six There were the flash and the report from six

he shouted.

There were the flash and the report from six muskets, and when the patriot troops arrived they found Nathaniel Townsend as one asleep and dreaming pieusant dreams.

Portunes Poid to Lawyers-A Few Instances

"Big fees," said a veteran lawyer, "are generally the private concern of the client who pays them and the lawyer who receives them. It Dorsey saw fit to pay Col. Ingersoli \$100,000 for his services in the Star route cases, Dorsey probably got the worth of his money. I have observed that lawyers do not care to measure observed that lawyers do not care to measure the value of their services by the amount of the verdict, except when they win. It is not an unfair rule that lawyers' fees should be governed by the importance of the interess involved. Mr. Tiiden received a fortune for his services in railroad litigation and negotiation; but as long as those who paid the money were satisfied. I do not see whose business it was but that of the parties interested. Henry L. Chin'on is reported to have charged Whilam H. Vanderbilt over \$290,000 in the Vanderbilt will case, and to have actually received \$75,000. But there were militons involved in that case. It is a common thing for big lawyers to charge \$100 per day for attendance in court. Practitioners of the rank of Joseph H. Chonte F. N. Bangs, John E. Burrill, William Fullerton, J. K. Forter, D. D. Field, Thomas G. Shearman, and many others find no difficulty in collecting such fees for actual attendance in court.

Big fees are common in will cases, but allowances by the couris out of estates are now limited to \$2,000 a side. Those were haleyon days for lawyers, when the Surrogate could divide the estate among the gentlem of the bar, leaving the litigants in dolt. In the Taylor will case a few years ago the inwyers of not only all the estate among the gentlem of the bar, leaving the litigants in dolt. In the Taylor will case a few years ago the inwyers of not only all the estate among the clothes.

"In the Parish will case Charles O'Conor received a small fortune. In the Hardin will case John K. Porter got, I believe about \$28.000. He represented the claim of the slieged widow. Henry Nicol has charged as high as \$500 a day, George Ticknor Curtis had such a big bill in one of the estebrated india rubber cases thathe charged \$1,000 for making it out.

Many big fees have been received as high as \$500 a day, George Ticknor Curtis had such a big bill in one of the estebrated india rubber cases thathe charged \$1,000 for making it out.

Many big fees have been seen in the volucion of imp the value of their services by the amount of the

Mr. Evaris his had some very hig loos from corporations, from will cases, and long contested suits. He could show the record of a great many \$10.000 fees. When a suitor has a hard case he does not heskate at paying a few thousand dollars to a good inwyer. A noor lawyer is a very expensive luxury. When a

hard case be sloss not hesitate at parting a few thousand dollars to a good lawer. A noor lawyor is a very expensive luxury. When a suitor with a good case has been two or three times to the Court of Abpeats in consequence of his lawyer's banders, he begins to think it pays to get a good one.

"Not long ago it was unlawful and unprofessional for a lawyer to have a personal interest in the case of his client. This was obviously unjust to poor litigants. If a man got injured on a rallroad he was absolutely unable to get damages because of his poverty. It got to be proverbial that there was no use suing a corporation. The poor suitor was at a disadvantage. Now, it is lawful and reputable for a lawyer to become interested in the case of his client, and to make his fees contingent tipon success. By the operation of the law of solf-interest the lawyer thus works harder than he otherwise would. Many poor litigants have in this way recovered variets who would otherwise have become varrants. I recollect a memorable case where John B. Haskin took up the case of a poor woman with five children who was really the widow of a wealthy widower who had over and over again acknowledged her as his wife, although she and her children were unknown to the first wife. Of course, Mr. Haskin was paid handsomely out of the estate which he fought the case to the Court of Appeals against John H. Anthon, backed by the children of the first wife. Of course, Mr. Haskin was paid handsomely out of the estate which he recovered for the widow.

"Many large corporations have salaried lawyers to look after their business. Judge Dillon left the bench of the United States Court to take a salary of \$20,000 from the Union Pacific Baliway Company and the elevated railways. The lawyers saved the slevated railways bout a million and a quarter of dollars in the tax suits with the city, as the Courts cut down the bilis about that sum.

"The coursel for large corporations like Trinity Church, the Equitable and Mutual Life, the Standari Oil Company, and inst

the Standard Oil Company, and institutions of like magnitude receive handsome incomes and devote themselves largely to the business of one client.

"Lawyers like Ben Butler, Roscoe Conkling, Senator Edmunds, or Judge Jere Black could fill volumes of records of Dig fees. There is, in fact, always a demand for lawyers who can earn big fees. There are so many novelties of the law, so many expedients and devices to suit new circumstances, that men of penetration and of skill in devious expedients can find plenty of scope.

"An Indiana railroad company once employed Gen. Foster to draw up a contract for them. He drew it on one sheet of paper and charged \$250. The company paid and growled. He told them to try a certain high-priced lawyer the next time. They did so. The other lawyer sent around and borrowed the copy of the old contract from George, turned in a neative engrossed sheet, and charged \$2500. But the company feit satisfied that they had a contract that would hold water.

"In the old days of allowances out of estates by the Surrogate a lot of lawyers who had been retained in a will case but had nothing to do because of the agreement of the frightened litigants, met in the Surrogate's office to have their allowances scitted. The Surrogate permitted the lawyers to settle it among themselves. The gentlement of the bar agreed to parcel out a very large slice of the estate, each one being most liberal to his learned brother. While this was going on the stenographer of the court, who was a great was, handed up a bill to the Court for \$1,200.

"Why, you have not written a word in this case, said the Surrogate."

"I was much right to it as the lawyers," was the reply. But the Surrogate said he would not allow the estate to be nlucked!"

In the Rollwagen will case Henry L. Clinton got an allowance of \$1,5000; Mr. Arnour, \$10,000; Malcolm Campbell, \$2,500; George and J. C. Langhein, \$450 each. In the Vanderbilt will case Judge Jeremiah Black had one check from Mrs. La Bau for \$15,000, and other fees during the trail,

CHUGGIP FOR SUCKERS.

According to the Philosophy of a Red-fa Man with a Mach-favored Pig. "If I hain't got a pig in this box that's got DIRGMAN'S FERRY, Pa., Jan. 13.-Six men stood in a row on the los on Shaft's Pond. Shaft's Pond is 1,100 feet above tide, and a comfortable distance, by balloon, from Ding-man's. The ice on which the men stood was a oot thick. The wind came out of the north

foot thick. The wind came out of the north and swept down over it faster than fifty miles an hour and sharper than a serpent's tooth. The men were stationed about ten feet apart. Each man was bent over a round hole in the ice, and held one end of a stick in his hand, the other end being thrust down through the hole into the water. Then a seventh man picked up an axe, and walked away a few feet, in range with the solemnly-curved men and the round holes. He whacked the ice with the are until everything cracked. The next second the man who gazed in the hole nearest. the man who gazed in the hole nearest to the ice-thumper straightened up with a jerk, and ranked the stick out of the bole. There was a fish on the other end of it. This he chucked on the ice, and then plunged his stick down into the hole again. In the mean time other men in the line had likewise straightened up and yanked their sticks out of the holes. Some brought out fish and some didn't. But up and down the men kept bobdidn't. But up and down the men kept bobling, the motion being maintained so persistently that there was a fish constantly in the air somewhere along the line. As long as the man with the size pounded away on the lees the men with the sizes yanked fish out of the holes, and when he got tired and shouldered his axe and walked away. They straightered up laid their sticks on the ice, and drant out of the holes, and when he got tired and shouldered up laid their sticks on the ice, and drant out of the took after said man train from the bottle on the lee. The fish would have filled a bushed measure three times easy. The sticks they were caught with had three large hooks tited on the end that went into the water. The fish didn't bite at the hooks. The hooks bit at the fish. The fish were suckers. The sucker is not good to eat in the summer time, because of fits tendency to run to oil as soon as it is not good to eat in the sunker and laying aside a little matter of nine-parts bone to one of meat, is not a bad substitute for fried picked pork on the breakfast table. So when winter comes and congreais the surface of the ponds in this vicinity men go out like those six and catch suckers through the ies. They do it ostensibly for pastime. They really do it as a relief from tried picked cork. If the suckers is more were litting question, the holes, and had approached one of them while he was toking a breathing sigell and asked him what they were doing, there isn't the shadow of a doubt that he would have said:

"Chunggin' fur suckers."

Then he would in all probability have said no more until you had got tired of walting for him to explain and had asked him what the peculiarities of chunging for suckers wore. The leadin' peculiarity bout chungen' fur suckers is that suckers is the only things that's chunged. We don't chung no picker' an' we don't chung no picker' an' we would have said.

"Chungin' fur suckers is the only things that's chunged. We don't chung no picker's now an interest of the said of the suckers is the su

folks takes a gallon dimmijohn with 'em, but I never grumble if thuz only a half gallon along when I'm a chuggin'."

the Pean-plyania Mountains.

SHOT DEAD IN HIS CALLS.

The Mysterious Murder of an Old Hunter in

OLEANA, Pa., Jan. 13.-Lucas Dreyfuss, familiarly known as "hably" Drevfuss and Frank Dreyfuss, his step-brother, were for many years well-known hunters and guides in this wild portion of the Alleghenies. They were never friends, and were jealous of each other's success in the woods. Their nnimesity often led to serious personal encounters, and if they happened to be in the village at the same time a fight between them was always tooked upon as inevitable, for to their natural dislike of one another they brought the promptings of liberal potations at the tavern bar. Three years ago Frank Dreyfuss, declaring that there was no longer any use for a hunter to remain in the Pennsylvania woods, took his gun and went away. No one knew where he had gone, but he leit a wife behind him in destitute circumstances. Three months having passed without any word having been received from her husband, "Budy" Dreyfuss, instaled her in his cabin, and the two lived tegether until last Thanksgiving Dny, when the woman died and was buried in the woods near Baidy's cabin, which is ten miles back in the mountains, in a region visited only by hunters and lishermen. In October last Baidy Dreyfuss came to this village and purchased his season's supply of ammunition and articles required in als hunting and trappling expositions. Ho was last seen in the woods about the middle of December, when some local hunters came across him near the head waters of Little Sugar Pond. On the 16th or 17th of December Frank Drayfusz reappeared in his old haunts much to the surprise of overybody. He had not heard any news from the region since he went away. He had been in the wilds of Michigan, he said, and had come back after his wife. When he heard that she had lived with his old enemy for more than two years, and had died in his cabin, he was wild with rage. The death of his wife did not affect him, but the fact that she had been helped by the man he hated seemed to increase his hatred tenfold. He remained about the village for a day or two and then disappeared. On Friday last a land agent humed Pace, rouresonting the owners of large tracts of wild and in this vicinity, drove out in the direction of Little Sugar Fond to show a man a lumber tract which was for sale. When near Baldy Dreyfuss's cabin the buckboard wagon on which the men were riding broke down. Place went over to the cabin to get Dreyfuss to aid him in repairing the wagon. The cabin was not locked, Place opened it and walked in head lying on his hands on the table. Place supposed he was they brought the promptings of liberal potallons at the tavern bar. Three years ago Frank Dreyfuss, declaring that there was

WHERE MATURE DRAWS THE LIKE

"If I hain't got a pig in this box that's got four eyes, with two of 'em lookia' crossways the slickest kind, besides havin' such incidental attractions as eight logs, four oars, and two talls, I'll make you a philopeny present of it. I've got the pig, and it's hid right in this box. It's hid right in this box. It's hid right in this box along with its four eyes, eight legs, four ears, two tails, and all. If any of you ladies and gentlemen has got five cents' worth of curiosity you can get rid of it by walkin' right up and seein' whether I've got this pig hid in this box, or whether I I've got this pig hid in this box, or whether I ought to go back to my native hills a branded prevarientor. Five cents, ladies and gentle-men. Half a dima."

The speaker's face was very red and his voice very husky. It was a cold day at the corner of

finetta lane and Sixth avenue, but the redfaced owner of the four-eyed pig was airly clad. It was painfully apparent that if he had found many five-cent blocks of curiosity lying around loose in his travels, he had utilized

seed owner of the four-syed pig was airly ciad. It was painfully apparent that if he had found many five-cent blocks of curiosity lying around loose in his travels, he had utilized them in getting something warm inside instead of outside. The andience grouped about him and his box was small. It was productal in attention, but in the matter of ourlosity seemed to have a frugel mind.

"Perhaps, indices and gentlemen," said the red-faced man, "you do not wish to see this pig with four eyes, two of 'em crossed, because of a lingeria fage that I'll play a glass eye or two on you. Far from it. Every one of them four eyes is a simon-pure up-and-upper, and if there's a glass one among 'em you can have it for a watch charm. If you hain't avoidin'the rush on account of giass eyes, maybe it's wooden legs you're auspectie'. Ladies and gentlemen, do I look like a man that would fitwooden legs you're auspectie'. Ladies and gentlemen, do I look like a man that would fitwooden legs you're auspectie'. Ladies and gentlemen, do I look like a man that would fitwooden legs to a four-eyed pig, and ge round the country crackin' it up as a moral show! Do I—thank you. Pass your eyes right in there, sir."

The red-faced man drew up a slide at one end of the box. A Sun reporter dropped his eyes to the opening it left. The four-eyed pig was there, sure enough. It was preserved in a half gailon jar of spirits. It sappearance justified the descriptions of its owner.

You've got the pig." said the reporter, "but it seems to me it would suit the public better if it was alive."

So it would the pig. I s'pose," said the red-faced man, as he shoved down the slide. "But then," said he, "we can't expect that nature's goin' to give us everything. If she's kind enough to give us everything. If she's kind enough to give us everything. If she's kind enough to give us twice as many legs and eyes and ears as she gives to anybody eise we outhin't to kick because she forgot the liftile matter of putting from the putting of the putting of the putting of th

Whow! Isays; Is your farm doin pigs like that?

One come last night, says he.

Then, Is pose, you won't take six thousand for the place? I says.

Ten thousand? says he.

Davy, Isays, I'll give you seven.

I've told you my price. Ten or nothin'.

I'll give you eight, I says.

Ten: says he.

"I'll give you eight, I says.

Ten thousand dollars, says Davy, and not a cent less, buys the eight-legged-pig farm."

So I walks away. I got a piece down the road, and then somethin struck me to go back and give Davy another hack. I led him out behind the cow house and says:

Davy, says I, will you take fifty cents for the eight-legged pig?

He thought a maintle and then says:

"Yes, by gum, I will, says he.

"And that's how I got this four-eved pig with eight legs, four ears, and two tails, with two eyes crossed, that I've got hid away in this box, ladies and gentlemen! Don't crowd, please! You can all see it for half a dime."

DEACON WHITE AS A HUMORIST. Welter Pletness

ble assignments of a portion of an award of \$143,134.82, made by the joint High Commission between the United States and Mexico. The money was left in the United States Treasury subject to the order of the Secrotary of State, and Deacon White bought the claims to the half of the award that was in controversy, and came in as defendant as the assignee of record. He hoped to get his money while Evarts was in the department. He blames Evarts for falling to exercise the duty imposed by an act of Congress because a Judge at his prins enjoined him from the discharge of it.

"It is a pleasing illustration," he writes, "at once of the simplicity and power of republican institutions, when we see the humblest judicial officer in the District of Columbia sitting in Chambers grasp the highest executive officer under the President, as it were, with a hand of steel, and thus hold him through almost three years of litigation upon an order granted experts, and without law or right. As we contamplate the honorable Secretary waiting through these years for permission from the judiciary for the executive wheels to move, let no satirist in this country ever hint at an American offermiosed by Congress, which Mr. Evarts shrank from because of the injunction. "Capt. Marryat," the brief continues." in Midshipman Easy, describes a triangular duel, where the three belligerents were stationed ten paces apart, at the angles of an equilateral triangle, and at the given word each manifired at the opponent on the right. The trial in the court below was much more complex. This was a polygonal battle, with two advocates stationed at each angle, firing right and left at the same time, varied by an occasional volley by platoons sealnst myself as a common enemy."

Mr. White calls attention to the greatness of the names engaged in the litigation. Besides the Premier of the Government, he refers to ex-Senator Albert Pike, "at once a poet a statesman, and a warrior," as figuring at different epochs, and wide the magnificence of the litigation. "To add color to the great poeting. Mr. White sais attention to the great poeting and the re sion between the United States and Mexico. The money was left in the United States Treasury subject to the order of the Secretary of

A Hint to Buyers of Brugs. From the San Francisco Caronicie.

"How much did you say this was?" "A doller and a nelf." "Thet's a big price, lea't if?" "Oh, ne. I assure you; the drags are very costly." But I am a sengist." Oh, you see! Well-of course—16 cents.

LETTERS FROM OUR POLES.

The Speed of an Iorbeat. TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUM—Sir: In reply to the inquiry of "E. W. D." in to-day's Sun, it may be said that an iceboat can travel considerably faster than the wind which moves it.

said that an iceocat can travel considerably faster than the wind which moves it.

For example, suppose the velocity of the wind to be 30 miles per hour; diaregarding friction, the velocity of an iceboat sailing directly with the wind would be about 30 miles per hour. But, instead of sailing in a line with the wind, let the boat proceed in a line forming an angle of 45° with the boat proceed in a line forming an angle of 45° with the wind, let the boat proceed the line of an hour the best will have covering the which is the hypothenuss of a triangle, the hase and perpendicular of which are each 30 miles in hearth. Calculation shows the distance thus travered to be about 42 miles; that is, the boat has travelled 42 and the wind 30 miles in one bour.

The reason of this is, that as the line of direction of the boat approaches a position at right angles to the direction of the wind, the moving force becomes more constant, and consequently the velocity of the boat, up to a certain limit, is correspondingly increased.

E. S.

NEW FORK Jan. 16 THE SUR.—Sir: "R. D. W." asks if an iceboat can travel faster than the wind. With the wind blowing less than seven miles per hour the boat will make slower time, but with a velocity of ten miles and upward the boat will outstrip the wind on a quarter seal. Of course, if the boat ran directly should of the work of the travel of the motive power, owing to their fire to be than that of the motive what the velocity might be. But outstrain an impetun of aimost double that of the wind. The precise ratio of aimost double that of the wind. The precise ratio of aimost double that of the wind. The precise ratio of aimost double that of the wind. The precise ratio of aimost double that of the wind. The precise ratio of power to speed can only be accurately flavored by giving the exact surface of canvas, angle of sails to the direction of the wind, length of runners, and weight of boat Even a sailing yacht oftentimes beats the wind.

Brooklyr, Jan. 14.

Are Mon Too Lasy to be Epiccopalinus?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Ser: In answer to the "Churchwoman" in The Sux of Sunday Inst. please allow me to say a few words.

I am an Episcopalism by inheritance and inclination: have attended services in churches of all denominations, and have heard sermons in great variety. That the women do most of the work in the Episcopal Church is no argument against it. for your read that no argument against it.

sermons the Gospel is interpreted, while in the denominational churches politics and other topics of the day are discussed.

As to ministers appointing officers, I belong to a church which has ditent live societies, and in every one of these the officers are voted for by the members themselves.

While I too regret the growth of priestly authority in the Episcopal Church, I cannot fail to notice how much denominational ministers are worshipped as men. How often we hear of the Rev. Mr. Jones's church, or the Rev. Mr. Jones's church, as if the man were the chief attraction.

Rev. Mr. Jones courted as the remark of an eminent reaction.

In conclusion I will add the remark of an eminent writer: "Where there have been fire defections to Rome among our elerge, ten of the denominational ministers have gone to the devil."

ANOTHE CHURCHWARL.

A Bectheven Panorama.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN-Sir: In reading the criticism in last Sunday's Sux of the New York Phil-harmonic concert and the panorama of the Westminster Aquarium in illustration of the Pastoral Symphony of Beethoven, it has vividly brought to my mind the of Beethoven, it has vividity brought to my mind the beautiful rendering of this masterpiece of the great composer, illustrated by a pacorama and pantonime performance, which I saw ten or twelve years ago in Dasseldorf, Germany. Far from this one being a monstronity, as the writer of last Sunday's article declares the one in London to have been, this, which I witnessed, was a highly poetical interpretation of this exquisite pictures of sweet sounds, and for the benefit of any lover of art or master I will give a slight sketch. The whole conclave of sweet sounds, and for the benefit of any lover of art or master I will give a slight sketch. The whole conclave or master I will give a slight sketch. The whole conclave or master I will give a slight sketch. The whole conclave or master I will give a slight sketch. The whole conclave of a second, and with the entire worked in harmonious accord, and with the entire worked in harmonious accord, and with the entire worked in harmonious accord, and with the entire worked in harmonious according to the panorama illustrating it was painted by the master than 6 Andreas Acheniach, with all the zorgeous effect of his rich coloring and harmony of tones and as the canvas slowly moved to the sount of those sweet strains and disclosed some new revelation of cool woodland according to source that could not have failed to impress even Beethoven himself, had he had the good fortune to see the work interpreted by such kindred spirits. Add to

ists, it harly intoxicated one with a recliness and failiness of house that could not have failed in seas even Beethoven himself, had he had the good fortuness with Beethoven himself, had he had the good fortuness with the way and graceful instomine which accompanied the suffing senery, as naturally as if it were part and narcel of it and it reaches the cliniax of artistic conception!

Artists, young and old, took part, and crowds of peasant women, in their gay costinues, tying up the shieves at wheat or coquetting with their sweethearts under the silver moan, were mostly the vaniger artists themselves, or friends—only a few at the most striking beauties among the young grifts and doubly noticeable by their richer coatimes, being the wives or daughters of some of the artists. A little innotest romance was woven through the whole enhancing the effect upon the imagnation. A true feeling for harmony of color was shown in every detail, nothing had a new look about it, and everything, from the scener; and music, and the annalicat details of a peasant's dress to the galaxy of beauty in the hal listef, where all the diffe of Dusseldor's see proceed, contained to form a most fitting frame for seeing the process, conception. It left a southing and pleasing hiprossyctomeepiton. It left a southing and exwithess to some drift the lineagention, like being an exwithess to some drift the lineagention, like being an exwithess to some drift the lineagention, like being an exwithess to some drift the lineagention, like being an exwithess to some drift the lineagention of the contraction has been an extended that the lineagention.

To the Editor of The Sun-Sir: I read in Tax sen this morning a pretty his potato story, but I think I can top it with one the trath of which I will

cyclone, has a chance to spread, they grow putatoes big enough to furnish a hearty meal for a lot of hungry sarvest hands. Near the end of the having season Washington, Jan. 16.—There is a brief before the Justices of the Supreme Court in the suit of Samuel A. Peugh against Richard II. Porter, and the author of it is Deacon S. V. White of Wall street, who varies his bear squeezing, his star gazing, and his Plymouth Church devotions by a dip now and then into hitgartine before the Supreme Court. He used to practise law in St. Louis. In this case he in person represented his own cause as one of the defendants and one of the appellees.

The suit is to enforce certain alleged equitable assignments of a portion of an award of the sasignments of a portion of an award of the constraints and based and that sheet and based in the fact of the women and enough was eit used for the women and enough was eit used of the country a year. It grew in the bottom of a depti ranging from five feet to unfathomed. Palunious stories are fold by the people of that country regarding the mammath proportions of the products of the devotions by a dip now and then into hit person represented his own cause as one of the defendants and one of the appellees.

The suit is to enforce certain alleged equitable assignments of a portion of an award of

Civil Service Reform.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN-Sir: Is it absolutely necessary, after passing civil service examina-tion, to possess a strong political backing before one can acquire a meagre position in one of the city's public de-

partments?

About four months ago I made application at the New About four months ago I made application at the New York College, and received a biank, which I filled and presented next day. About three months later I was notified to appear for examination at 25 fast Twentleth errect. On the todowing day I was informed by mail that I had passed the competitive examination, having received by, which I have very good reasons to believe the highest perceivage received by any competitor. Two with highest perceivage received the state of the highest perceivage received by any competitor. Two with the state of the state of the state of the state of the proposition of the heads that I did not have a ghost of a chance. Now, sir, I would like to know if the position can be obtained without political influence, or if it is actually necessary that I should be well besided, politically speaking, before I can expect to have a ghost of a chance.

\*\*New York\*\*, Jan. 14.\*\*

The Naval Academy Defended.

The Naval Academy Defended. To the Editor of the Sun-Sir: I have a sin at Amaspolis, and run down there quite often, and am familiar with the management of the Academy. I regard it as one of the best imanaged educational institutions in this country. Capt Ramsay himself is pronounced, by all who take an interest in the Academy and are best competent to form a sound judgment, the mean the superintendent if ever had. It is a great the education of the superintendent if ever had. It is a great the education of the superintendent if ever had. It is a great the education of the superintendent whose consideration of the superintendent when the mean and superintendent when the mean and study practice of hazing have given minutal prominence and publicity to this feature of school life, and exposed him to the bitter hostility of a man whose son was "bigged" for this offence. Capt. Ramsay has a very high scue of honor, and he specially cultivates this virtue among the cadets at a more manity and honorable set of young fellows it would be hard to find. Capt. Ramsay is also a man of sincere piety and the cadets are all required to attend church. Such scenes, and such a scotting and biasplemous aprir has have been depicted, are unterly unknown there. I say these things as the result of experience and careful investigation. I should not allow my son to stay in the Academy If the allogations were true. To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN-Sir: I have

Destitution in Ridgewood.

To the Editor of The Sun-Sir: An article in a New York newspaper on Sunday in reference to the destitution of the operatives of the recently closed Wortendyke silk mill, made some false statements as to the actual condition of things. There is destitution, but there is also an organized Society of Relief, who are well acquainted with the facts. Further, there are provisions and funds on hand sufficient to control present distress. But as the util closed on the 10th inst. for an indefinite period, there is a strong probability that cases of need will increase as winter advances. Provisions may be sent in care of J. Fred Cruse, seneral merchant, and money to the Rev. J. A. Van Nest, Treasurer of Relief Committee, who are the only anthorized persons to receive contributions of food or Russ. TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN-Sir: An ar

What Cole to This?

To the Editor of The Sun-Sir: I have copper coin, or "token," the size of an English half penny. On one side is the figure of two men holding : penny. On one side is the figure of two men holding a croil, on which are the words "Bill of Rights." On a suroll over their heads are the words: "Magna Charta." and surrounding the figures. "Ersking and Gibbs and Trial by Jory." On the opposite side of the coin are the names. "I flardy, I il. Tooks. T. Holcroft, I. A. Bonney, J. Joyce, S. Kidd, I. Thelwall, I. Ritcher, I. Hazter," and the date. "Tea." There is a rope milling on the edge. I produme it has been strack in commemoration of some political event, but have so the been unable to discover its origin. Perhaps some of Yas Stra's host of readers have been the side to chighten me.

CURIOUS FRATURES OF ACTUAL LIFE Trudpolo's Sphrymograph.

Mr. Otto Trudgein, a mechanical genius of ranklin, l'a, has invested a little machine which, if it can be made to come into general use, will do a great work for iemperance, and thus commends itself to the work for iemperance, and thus commends itself to the woman's Temperance Union and the iste Salmi John, The invention a present is called a sprygmograph, and is intended to indicate the exact dividing line between eleriety and inspirely. In other words, the listic gauge points out the danger line which separates the stimulating and exhibitating effect of liquor from that muddled condition which characterizes drankenness.

The sphymograph can be fastened upon the vest near the grankole and the artin of the heart is conveyed to it and registered upon its dis with absolute enaciness. The value of this little instrument is apparent at a fance. Seen conference of drukers of large experience are sometimes unable to tell whether another glass may not plung them into the limber of ingre experience are sometimes unable to tell whether another glass may not plung them into the limber of tengence to. From the Chicago Trib

My son, there's nothing on earth so mysterie

A Man who Skulked. From the Detroit Free Fress.

Riding out from Chattanooga toward Bridge-port on horseback I came across analyse who had a seat on a rock quite a piece above the road. If he hadu res-tied a stone down just as I came opposite he might have escaped undetected. He had a gun across his kness, and escaped undetected. He had a gin acros I called to him: "Fretty good hunting around here?" "May be," he answered. "What do you had?"

"What do you had?"
"Nuthin' yit."
He seemed so cranky that I was about to ride on when he rose up and descended to the rosd. He didn't look a bit good natured, and he held his shotgan in a very careless manner as he said:
"Stranger, you mought have come from Uhattanooga!"

"Stranger, you mought have come from thattaneons ?"
"Yes."
"Yes."
"Yes."
"Yes. A man on a muse rode with me as far as the
forks, haif a mile back."
"Man with reddish har—long nose—whiskers on his
chin—swears a good deal?"
"That's him."
"And, hang him, be turned off, did he?"
"That's him."
"Its like him—just like the oncrery bossum he laf
"Jist like him—just like the oncrery bossum he laf
"Jist like him—just like the oncrery bossum he laf
"Jist like him—just like the oncrery 'bossum he laf
stranger, that 'ere felier shot my father more h two
years ago, and he was the game I was waith! fur! He's
got thice different roads to go an' come by, and ist as
sure as I'm watchin' one he'll go by tother. He's fooled
me all summer long in this way, and I'm gittin' that
desperit that it I miss him so-morrer I shall have to go
up to his clearing and take a shot at him as he sobe in
the door smokin' his pipe! Mranger, whate yer real,
downright, Christian opinion of a man as will put aiother man out the way he has me?"

Prom the Louisville Port.

A man in the East End, who has acquired A man in the East End, who has acquired considerable reputation as a phrenologist lectured on phrenology before the congregation of the Cable Street Church last night. After a few preliminary remarks he invited any one present who so desired to step forward and have his character read. A few heads were felt, and an exhibition of skill was given to the enjoyment of those who witnessed the performance.

Will any body else step forward and have his character and and the feed of his talent revealed to hint the read of the feed of his talent revealed to hint from the read of the feed of his talent revealed to hint asist. The phrenologist very acriously rate her than a like. The phrenologist very acriously rate her and there at a prograding bump. Then looking the viveline of his examination squarely in the eyes, he turned him around slowly till his face was brought in full view of the speciators. With his left hand resting on the victim's head, he made a gesticulation with the right which portended some marvellous discovery, and then proceeded to address the audience on the result of his examination.

"Lodies and gentlemen," he began, "heware of this man! Beware of him, I tell you! He is dangerous. He is a thief, Here, John," addressing the porcer, "lock up that safe; there is a thief in the house."

Its had hardly golles the world out of his mouth and the shady of the processing out the house was followed up by the energed young man who had been premonanced at the, and the phrenologist was in minimen danger of a the, and the phrenologist was in minimen danger of

Professional Exhibitors of the Elephant.

Professional Exhibitors of the Elephant.

From the Philadelphia News.

Standing near the desk of the Fifth Avenue liotels day or two suce. I am a nearly dressed, gentlemanly man step up to the clerk and say. I was to see the town and an a stranger stopping here with you." The clerk, without reply, turned and winstled for a bell boy. "Call M — "said the clerk. In a moment a large, good-looking inns, as well dressed as any gentleman on the street, appeared. The clerk introduced him to the person who wanted to see the sights of a great city. "Whatever this man does is all right," and the clerk to him. "He is our man and he knows the ropes." The two stepped aside, talked in a subduest tone a moment, and then parted to meet again later. The next morning I saw the two men in the barroom drinking astiter water. They both looked as though the common and the course of the control of the course of the course

Pine Sentiments to Order.

A rather funny thing in connection with the suit for breach of promise brought by flies Fortescus against Lord darmovic comes to me from scross the water. When the case was brought up in court, a letter from the lady to her betrethed was rand, and it expressed sentiments of such a lorty character that a very profound impression was made upon everybody, even to the Jodes who beard them. It raised the whole public, But the letter is not remaind on the whole public. But the letter is not remaind on they head equipment werbattin from a book of correspondence, where it appears under the less of "Letter from a young lady on receipt of a valuable gift. Everybody in London is said to be languing over the discovery. But as Miss Fortescus has greatlyed her \$50,000, she will probably not be much affected.

Piensed with a Kattle, Tickled with a Straw. From the Boston Bernld.

Priessed with a Kattle, Tickled with a Straw.

From the Bartwell Sun.

An amining scene occurred on the public square on Wednesday during the election. A generous record of the candidates bought a large quantity of apples from a mountain wazen, and slogan to scatter. This action offers have been a straight from a mountain wazen, and slogan to scatter. This action offers from a mountain wazen action of the regular this action of the form pool after peal of the regular wors scared into a frema, believed, passed the air as if they seemted blood, and finally made a break coatering the crowd right and left, and ran over a little both the straight by a left, and ran over a little both right him as considerably. One gentleman, who was terribly frightened, began to dodes through the crowd with his head down a largest, and ran his head between another man's legs. He then straightened unant pitched the uninely in tivulual clear over his shoulders, and ieff him apprawting on the ground. No one was scriptly injured, but the fun was immedise.

Russell Sage's Sister-In-law. From the Lantingburgh Concier.

An aged woman, found lying in the mud on the Schaphticoke turninke, about a mile north of the village, by Humphrey Lee, a milk man, was brought to the station house by William Derrick of Adamsville on Tuesday morning. The sounan was partially deranged and presented a shocking speciacle, her face bruised and presented a shocking speciacle, her face bruised and breading and her hands and clothing being covered with mud. She stated that her name was first William Sage of Troy, and that the was a sister-in-law of Russell sage, the New York millionnine. Her statement proved correct, and her friends, being notified, took her home.

Prom the Detroit Commercial Advertiser.

As I was walking home one evening last week from a theatre I was approached by a small begar girl a rarged little thing of 9 or 10 years. "Heate, matter, give me a dime." "What for?" For my little brothers and sisters. This was said in the most plaintive of tones. "How many have you get?" There are seven of us, and mamma is sick. "Seven! What on earth ide sho have so many children for?" This query I meant to be a mental one, but the little thing thought I was asking her. "Because she is blind." I gave the required dime.

Not to be Trampled Os.

Prom the Arizona Antidate.

The hell-born, red-headed smart Aleck who makes ab rive attempts to edit the little patent outside in Tenderfoot City aquesla like a stuck page because we have shown up his pointeal apprations. He pretends to be horrified because we drive good inquer and have a red nose, thus horing to throw dust in the ryes of the public. But it won't do. The people know that there is no more to him than there is to a footless sock without any ice—that is, lust nothing. Our nose is our own, while we pay for our liquor in hard money.

Me Still Doubted.

From the Chicago Nest. "I see there are a number of counterfeit Bank of England notes circulating in this country."
"Yes, and what's worse, it him I have one of them."
"So! What are you going to do with it?"
"I den't knew. That's what troubles me."
"You might put it in the church contribution boy."
"Ma med yet. I'm not dead more it's counterfe!"